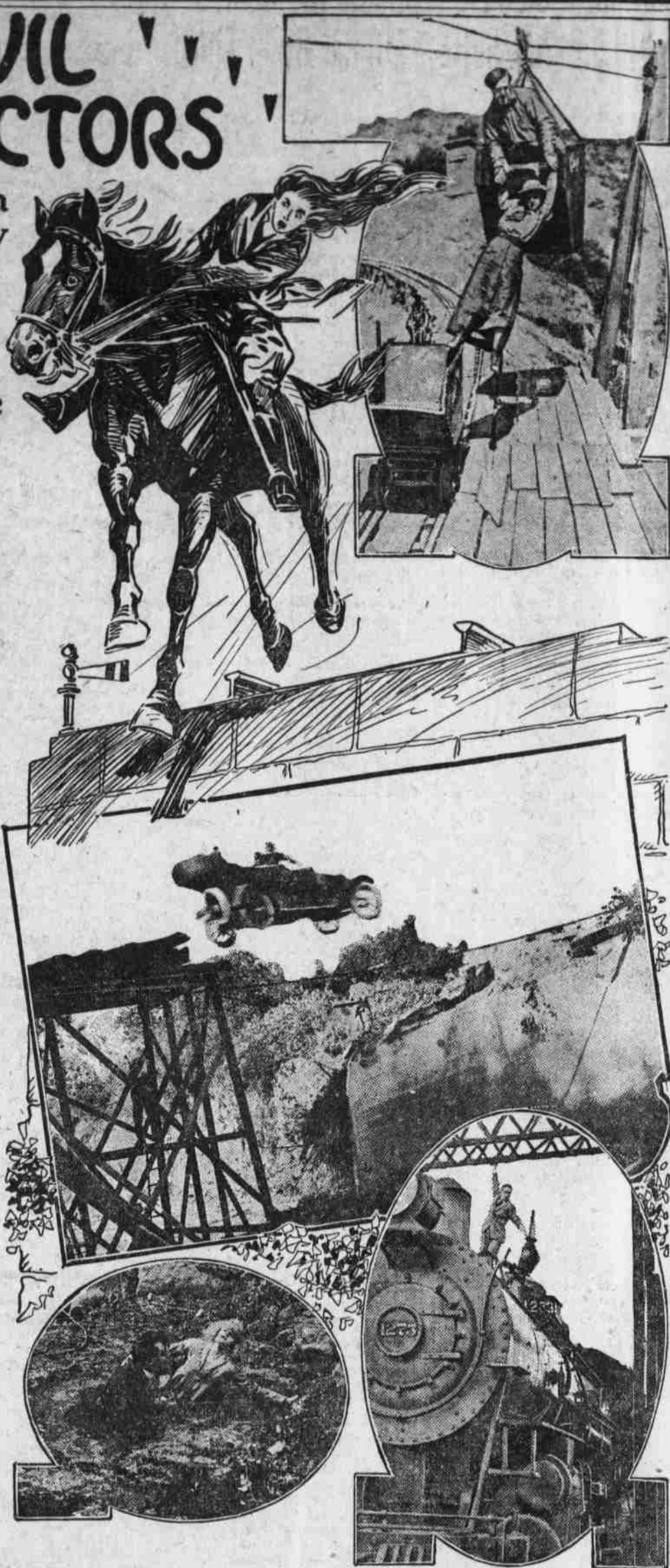


DARE DEVIL MOVIE ACTORS

Some of the screen stars risk death every week in order to provide sensation lovers with thrills—women of film drama will try any stunt once



ONE way of earning a living is by jumping from one speeding train to another; by riding motor cycles off open drawbridges; by running pell-mell over moving freight trains, only to clutch an overhead cable and to hang suspended in midair; by grappling with an infuriated locomotive, and in a hundred ways risking life and limb. This is what scores of motion picture actresses and actors do every day with hardly the wink of an eyelash in the performance of the stunts.

It is all in answer to the cry for realism in the movies which has recently been raised by directors. Realism is now a watchword. Above all, the production must be realistic. The directors argue that the public has become tired of faked dangers and mechanical feats that make ordinary scenes appear hazardous. The desire for realism may be all right for the public and the director, but it is hard on the performers.

Patrons of the pictures are so familiar with scenes depicting rough riding, descents of mountain sides on horseback and leaps from cliffs in which the rider falls clear of the mount and in other ways flirts with death that they never stop to think of the real danger incurred by those actors who dare so much for the silent drama. Of course there are certain pictures in which the danger is faked. But those pictures are almost equally balanced by the kind which depicts a real danger encountered to accomplish the desired result.

Jumps From Moving Trains.

"When I first began to jump off moving trains," said Helen Holmes, when asked for her impressions of daredevilism in the films, "I must confess I was somewhat timid, but now I take it as something which must be done to complete the picture."

"In one picture in which I worked about six months ago I went through the action with my heart in my mouth, and for a moment at least I felt like quitting. It was a railroad picture in which I was to drive a big engine across a bridge which was to be blown up as the engine reached the middle."

"A torpedo on the track about twenty feet from the spot where the dynamite charge was placed to wreck the bridge was to give me my signal to dive from the cab to the river thirty feet below. From the moment that the engine reached the wooden trestle I kept thinking what would happen if the torpedo did not go off and I should be carried down into the wreckage."

"The run of about thirty yards seemed interminable, but everything worked according to plans and I made the dive safely, but I was shaking like a leaf when I landed in the river. I was so frightened I could hardly keep myself afloat."

"But now I have become so used to risking my neck that I accept it as a matter of course. It is much like the case of an aviator when he starts flying. At first he is cautious and only makes slight ascents and safe descents, but soon the spirit of daring enters his soul and he is looping the loop and doing spirals 2,000 feet in the air, and other dangerous stunts."

Danger in the Quicksand.

There was Marion Swayne, who thought it pretty hard when she was called upon recently to allow herself to be rescued from quicksands on a treacherous bit of picturesque Florida beach. It would not suffice to have her buried in a sand hole on a solid portion of the beach where she could easily be extricated without danger to herself. George Foster Platt, who was directing the five-reel feature entitled "The Net," insisted that the best results could only be obtained by having the star caught in the real quicksand.

Outside the range of the camera a group of men were ready with planks and rope to rescue the actress in case the scene as planned miscarried and she should need other help than that offered by Bert DeLaney, the leading man and hero. Miss Swayne was reluctant at first to try the scene, but finally consented and timidly went out to the treacherous sandbar. The feeling of helplessness that came over her when her feet sank slowly from under her without means of staying then alarmed the screen star. As she sank to the waist her features registered a genuine fear, and at this point the camera man began "shooting" the scene while the gallant hero with a stout rope lassoed her. It required all his strength to drag her from the sands which were engulfing her. When on solid ground again Miss Swayne with a tremulous voice said:

"I suppose on the screen that will look easy, but I don't care to try it over again."

Leap From High Cliff.

Wide publicity was once given to a stunt picture in which a trained acrobat jumped a horse from a hilltop into a chasm, inflicting injuries upon himself and the animal and getting into trouble with the humane society officials. This man was not a regular member of the picture company, but was engaged at a big price to perform the daring act.

Anna Little had a somewhat similar experience, although part of it was not done intentionally. Under the direction of Frank Borzage, a glutton for realism, Miss Little was to slide down the side of a cliff some seventy feet high on horseback to escape a band of Indians in pursuit. The ride called for a skilled equestrienne, unflinching courage and a sure-footed horse. It was impossible to rehearse the scene because the director knew that after having gone through it once neither Miss Little nor the horse could be persuaded to repeat the action.

This scene was to be the big thrill in the picture. Much care was taken in preparing it. Three camera men were stationed to catch the slide from three different angles, thus insuring a good picture from at least one of the machines.

Barely Escaped Death.

Careful instructions had been given the actress and she started on the slide. At first the horse

hesitated, but urged on he braced his forefeet and prepared to reach the bottom in safety. Everything moved swiftly, the camera men ground their machines and the director shouted encouragement through his megaphone. But about twenty feet from the bottom the horse caught his foot in a rock fissure, stumbled and hurled Miss Little over his head. She flew through the air head first, landing in a clump of mesquite bushes more than ten yards away.

Spectators rushed to her side, expecting to find her either dead or seriously injured, but aside from the shock and a number of scratches she escaped unhurt. The dumb actor in the scene was less fortunate, suffering two broken legs, and had to be shot.

This untoward incident in making the scene caused a complete revision of the scenario. Miss Gertrude McCoy is known as another daredevil of the screen. She gives a good account of herself in every branch of athletics, besides being a skillful driver of a motor car. Miss McCoy drives her own machine and has used it to advantage in many of the pictures in which she is starred. Her most recent exploits have been in connection with what is known in the movie vernacular as "water stuff." Strange as it may seem, the stunts in her latest picture do not show up with the same dangerous thrills that really characterized their making. This is often the case in motion pictures; what looks hard is often easy.

Foolhardiness Meant Injury.

A "water-stuff" picture which almost put Miss McCoy's life in jeopardy was taken for "The Isle of Love" and was made near Jacksonville, Fla. In one of the early scenes of the photoplay the star yields to the temptation to go bathing in a pool upon a rocky bit of coast. The shore at the point where the picture was taken happened to be made up of myriads of shells and pebbles compressed into a crumbling, jagged stone formation. The water, moreover, was far more shallow than Miss McCoy suspected.

Despite the warning of her director, Edwin Middleton, she jumped boldly into the water, cutting her feet, ankles and legs severely. She was too good a picture player, however, to stop while the camera was grinding. Although suffering from a number of extremely painful cuts she bravely finished the scene. This episode, which certainly was not down on the program, laid her up for nearly a week.

As the final "punch" of "Lost in the Everglades," which is part of "Gloria's Romance," the film serial

in which Billie Burke is appearing, a perfectly good seven passenger automobile is driven straight out into the Atlantic ocean off Palm Beach, Fla. This may be termed recklessness or pure extravagance, according to one's point of view. Needless to say the damage done to the car by its immersion in the salt water was considerable.

To prove that the film manufacturers aren't the only people who can be reckless, Miss Burke wore a Lucite creation that had been specially designed for her use in the picture, and utterly regardless of the certain ruin of the frock she hopped out of the runway auto as it cleared the first line of breakers, found herself up to her knees in the surf, laughed gaily and then waded ashore.

Auto Jumps the Gap.

In order to eliminate as much danger as possible, this scene was carefully staged beforehand; that is, everything was simplified. A sloping platform was erected at the place where the leap was to be made and well re-enforced. Across the ditch some thirty or forty feet away a pile of brushwood had been placed to break the fall as the car landed. Down a sloping piece of ground approaching the jumping-off place Miss King came with lightning speed in her little machine and took the leap while the cameras clicked. She landed without serious mishap in the pile of brush, and beyond a severe shaking up and a few bruises was none the worse for her experience.

"It's the butts and its connected with such stunts as these," she remarked later, "that make the dangers undergone really greater than they seem to be. If something had gone wrong there might have been a very different story to tell. But—and here she comes in—suppose it's all in the day's work, so I have nothing to complain of," she concluded with a laugh.

The dangers have also to be faced by the camera man. An example is the recent experience of a news camera man in Mexico. A pictorial weekly representative, hearing that Villa's body was being brought to Chihuahua for identification, hurried thither.

"From the time I crossed the border until I returned," he said, telling of his adventures, "I was a constant target for Mexican abuse. It was not until I reached Chihuahua, however, that any physical violence was offered. Then there was a demonstration in the market place despite the fact that I was under the protection of a Mexican army officer. Shots were fired at me and I was glad to get back to the good old U. S. A. with a whole skin; but I got some pretty good pictures, after all."

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

House Debates Whether Wife Is Member of Family

WASHINGTON.—There have been some interesting debates in the house of representatives recently, and for reasons best known to the general public these debates have not yet seen the light of print save in the gloomy

columns of the Congressional Record. At almost any time one can drop into the house and get a thrill, but owing to the news from the Mexican, Austrian, Gallican and other harried borders it takes more than a speech in congress to get a rise out of a newspaper these days. Perhaps it is for that reason that the orators of congress are seeking new fields in their endeavor to start a little something in the way of publicity.

For instance, it was not long ago when the national house of representatives debated the question of whether a wife is a part of a man's family. This is not a joke. It really happened. It was while the Hay resolution was being discussed in a tumult which reminded old-timers of a town meeting. This resolution provided money for dependent families of National Guardsmen. They stuck in the father and mother and little brothers and sisters and the children, amid cheers at each addition.

In the midst of this wild clamor up rose a tall Kansas man and solemnly demanded that the word "wife" be inserted then and there. He argued that there were reasons for this; that certain volcanic actions on the part of cross-grained courts, presided over presumably, by woman-bating bachelors or cowardly heaped husbands, made it necessary that whenever the national legislature is making laws for the benefit of the family, the word "wife" must be written in with indelible ink in capital letters, so as to prevent the woman of the house from being robbed of her due.

Then he house battled the suggestion back and forth like a basket ball. Some of them said the Kansas man was right and some of them said he was wrong.

In the melee no one seems to remember whether the wife got into the resolution or not.

Uncle Sam's Campaign to Safeguard Milk Supply

THE milk you drink interests Uncle Sam. He recognizes it to be one of the most easily contaminated and easily spoiled foods in existence and at the same time one of the foods in most general use. The dairy division of the bureau of animal industry of the department of agriculture, therefore, has not stopped at working out the economics of dairying for the benefit of the farmer, but emphasizes the health aspect of the industry and carries on energetic educational campaigns in communities where co-operation is desired.

One important and eminently fair phase of the extension work of the government's dairy experts is in educating consumers to a realization of the fact that it costs the producer more to insure scrupulous cleanliness of the milk supply than it does to place on the market the usual mediocre product or the dirty, dangerous milk that is offered under the worst conditions. The attitude of the dairy division is that pure milk costs more but is decidedly worth it, and the experts in their campaigns attempt to impress this truth on three interested groups—the consumers, the producers and distributors and the municipal and state authorities who have in charge the enforcement of the local food regulations.

When the federal specialists go into a community to co-operate with the local health officials they first make a thorough investigation of the milk supply and its regulation, and finally locate the producers of the milk that is below grade, and visit their farms. The attitude toward these producers is not one of condemnation. The experts go instead to their farms to help them to better their sanitary conditions. They look to the health of the herds and their attendants, the sanitary condition of the barns, the proper cleaning and sterilization of all utensils and the methods for insuring a sufficiently low temperature for the milk. In the educational campaigns the responsibility of the consumer in the matter of temperature also is emphasized. The specialists point out that however carefully the producer and distributor has handled the milk, it is likely to spoil if permitted to remain exposed to the sun or in a warm room after delivery.

Two Washington Policemen Adopt Tramp Pigeons

POLICEMEN CHARLES M. BIRKRIGHT AND JOHN MAHER of the Seventh precinct have adopted a flock of tramp pigeons. Both men are stationed at the Georgetown terminus of the Aqueduct bridge. They take turn about on the crossing there, and the pigeons have become their friends and pets.

While congested traffic is swirling about the bridge terminal the pigeons alight and feed in the center of the crossing. They walk over the policemen's feet and between their legs. Sometimes they even alight on Birkright's person.

The pigeons seem to know the traffic laws. At least they have a full knowledge that as long as they stay under the crossing man's arm traffic cannot touch them, and they feed tranquilly while street cars, motor trucks and lighter machines and wagons pass all around them.

Birkright and Maher have been stationed at the bridge for years. When Birkright first got the assignment he was attracted to the tramp pigeons that roost and breed in the overhead trusswork and in the girders under the bridge floor. He made friends with them.

Later Maher came to the crossing, alternating with Birkright. He, too, made friends with the pigeons. They seemed to demand this friendship of him, swooping down on the crossing when the man in uniform put up his umbrella.

Now neither man ever goes to his post on the eight to four o'clock trick without a pocketful of food for those birds.

Senator Martine Gave His Dog Suitable Burial

SENATOR MARTINE of New Jersey had a dog. It was not much of a dog, taking it by and large, but it had been a member of Martine's household for a long time and he was attached to it. A while ago the dog died, from a complication of maladies superinduced by extreme old age.

Senator Martine was insistent that the dog should have a decent and proper burial. He was living in a Washington apartment house at the time, and the finding of a suitable burial plot was a problem. He could not go out in the backyard and hold his funeral, because there wasn't any backyard. Anybody living in a small apartment who has ever put in a day with a pedigreed dead dog on his hands, wondering what to do with it, will readily appreciate that the situation would soon become acute. To Martine's delight he learned that there is in Washington an ultraexclusive dog cemetery, intended only for dead dogs of high social standing. Martine went and bought a lot in that cemetery and gave his dog such a burial as any dog might well be proud of.

The prospect of such a burial would reconcile almost any dog to having had his day. Martine forsook his senatorial duties long enough to go to the funeral and personally see to it that the dog was paid every respect.

Today a neat little marble headstone marks the spot where the Martine dog made its final descent into the bosom of the earth.

BITS OF INFORMATION

British women are taking up the culture of herbs.

Georgetown, suburb of Washington, is 105 years old this year.

Malaga, Spain, yearly exports about 200 tons of dried orange peel.

Probably the largest gas well ever struck in Oklahoma was brought in recently at Fox Pool, south of Cushing.

A gusher which now spouts approximately 100,000,000 cubic feet a day, enough for a city of 100,000 people.



WOMAN HAD NERVOUS TROUBLE

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her.

West Danby, N. Y.—"I have had nervous trouble all my life until I took

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nerves and for female troubles and it straightened me out in good shape. I work nearly all the time, as we live on a farm and I have four girls. I do all my sewing and other work with their help, so it

shows that I stand it real well. I took the Compound when my ten year old daughter came and it helped me a lot. I have also had my oldest girl take it and it did her lots of good. I keep it in the house all the time and recommend it."—Mrs. DEWITT SNICEBAUGH, West Danby, N. Y.

Sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, backache, headaches, dragging sensations, all point to female derangements which may be overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

India's railroads pension old employees.

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY is her hair. If yours is streaked with gray, grizzled, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it all in the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

The road to ruin is full of speed traps.

To Drive Out Malaria

And Build Up The System Take The Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents.

Druggist's Hard Luck.

An amateur poultryman received a shipment of fancy perfume atomizers for the holiday trade.

After he had tried a few on his friends and had arranged the stock on the shelves he went home to say good night to his hens and to gather what eggs had been laid during the day.

He reached into one nest and felt fur, which turned out to be fur of a genuine willow pussy in the full flush and vigor of young pussyhood.

He says he didn't mind his experience in the chicken coop half so much as he does the foolish comments of business acquaintances who keep talking about "faunal atomizers."

Some Inducement.

"You know Mrs. Terror, whose husband fell into the river the other day?" interrogated Jones.

"Yes; a regular virago," said Smith. "Well, she has offered twenty pounds reward for his body," remarked Jones.

"And yet she hadn't a good word to say for him when he was alive."

"Aye," acquiesced Jones; "but you mustn't forget that he wore a gold watch and chain and two diamond rings."

Too Frequent.

Ex-Governor Colquhoun said in a discussion of the Texas situation:

"Our opponents spoke too soon. They took too much for granted. They were like the young girl graduate."

"A fat, middle-aged widower took a young girl graduate's hand in his and said, timidly:

"Your mother, my dear Alice, has given her consent, and I—"

"But the girl snatched her hand away."

"No," she said. "I can never be. My respect for you is great, Mr. Prendergast, and I will be a sister to you."

"No, you won't," snipped Prendergast. "No, you won't either. You'll be a daughter to me. I'm going to marry your mother."—New York Tribune.

Grape-Nuts

embodies the full, rich nutriment of whole wheat combined with malted barley. This combination gives it a distinctive, delicious flavor unknown to foods made from wheat alone.

Only selected grain is used in making Grape-Nuts and through skillful processing it comes from the package fresh, crisp, untouched by hand, and ready to eat.

Through long baking, the energy producing starches of the grain are made wonderfully easy of digestion.

A daily ration of this splendid food yields a marvelous return of health and comfort.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

THE WORLD OVER

Practically inexhaustible deposits of asphalt, discovered in the Philippines two years ago, will be developed commercially.

Many European peasants now in the contending armies are getting more meat in their rations than they ever had at home.

Seventy per cent of the 400 brightest stars are redder than a normal star, and 85 per cent of the 400 faintest are more blue than normal.

The first watches made by machinery were turned out by a Boston factory in 1850.

Receipts from telegraph administration in China last year amounted to \$3,000,000, which was nearly \$1,000,000 in excess of expenditures. The government owns and operates its telegraph lines and is acquiring its telephone service as rapidly as possible.

The French city of Grenoble plans to make itself a health resort by piping to bath curative waters from a lake 85 miles away.

A monument has been erected by public subscription to the memory of Schiaparelli, the distinguished astronomer, at his birthplace in Italy.

Recent observations of Saturn at the Lowell observatory show a remarkable change in the color and brightness of the planet's ball, which is now of a pinkish brown tint and strikingly darker than the rings. Comparisons of the stellar magnitude of the planet with Capella, Procyon and Mars also show that its brightness is less than that predicted in the ephemeris.

GATHERED FACTS

California has 190 mountain peaks more than 13,000 feet high.

In about fifteen years Argentina has tripled its area of cultivated land.

A patent for a nonalcoholic beer has been granted a Minneapolis inventor. A novel umbrella is equipped with a storage-battery electric light in its handle.

German metallurgists have brought out a substitute for tinfall that is made of zinc.